

FIRE SONGS, SKY SONGS, MOUNTAIN SONGS

WITH A FOREWORD BY JACK LOEFFLER

ROWAN KILDUFF



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First publishings

Thanks

To all the peace-makers, to the kids.

Foreword by Jack Loeffler

To read the poetry of Rowan Kilduff is to go skinny-dipping in the flow of Nature. One feels a fresh wind as one reels through the sky in the sunlight, the starlight passing through bioregions of the mind and planet Earth. There is enormous energy here. The poet as shaman unlocks states of mind vital to understanding what is real in a world otherwise fettered in stale perspectives that erode consciousness. This poetry enhances consciousness, and his art provides glimpses into the nature of his own state of being.

More and more, I see the poet as the modern shaman, the true practitioner of the sacred, ever dispelling rote while unlocking a fifth dimension wherein one may wander realms of mystery and beauty—even danger. A life without danger is a life unfulfilled. What we call imagination is indeed the release of intuition to take its place as perhaps the most important characteristic of cognition.

So read this book and open up to revelations propounded in a poetic flight, a wonderful wizardry –

Jack Loeffler, November 27, 2022, New Mexico

new songs

What energy!
This body
sounding songs —

every part of you & me
we are this arc, it goes as far as we can see

Kestrel call wakes me again

borders, so-called,
and given strength
— so easily transcended
by breath, by spirit
By *wild song*

Fire songs, sky songs, mountain songs —
becoming mountain
becoming sky
becoming song
becoming —

Fire-stars
desert flowers, everywhere

The brightest stars,
my tracks.
The bright edge cuts across,
wind always
New songs come clearer now
no brighter moment than when
we look right in the eye
of another
horizons where hearts meet
— rivers tracing back
great thunder ways,
trails, tracks way out behind
more highways than we could ever need,
this blue star still shining.

The same sky anywhere.
The same fire
lit every time new.

I take a breath at dawn,
an arrow let fly by the bow of the sky
sunrise fires — out on mountaintops
I hold this fire in my two hands
and it doesn't burn me
my heart beats a-blaze,
this, like all gifts, comes without even asking
now — wake like the Bear,
say "... be this raging fury destroyed"

For real peace we listen.

The creek
splashes my face
trail crosses over —

Sep. '20

sweet contours
morning peaks
your body

before dawn 5.2.2020

I wait for dawn.
Like so many times
facing East
waiting just for you
Now,
shinin' all of its own
Rain on my face.
Thru the night,
you find me
Wind —
(a couple hours
to sunrise).
side by side,
in sleeping bags
Perseids
flare
color
'ever seen a sky like that?'
And when you were born I held you in my two hands
— these two hands
you were that small.

3 parts, songs of—

The Glittering World

Look at a raven
— and who ever said he's black?

People, no colors at all.

The Dream Dreaming

Who is this woman biting her lip, painting in my dream?
Where are all these places I've never been?
Dreaming of
so many colors,
 where do they stay?
I am not anywhere.

The sky
is always bigger,
colors always brighter

just awake.

The Reaching Heart-mind

I don't have any answer
I hunker down

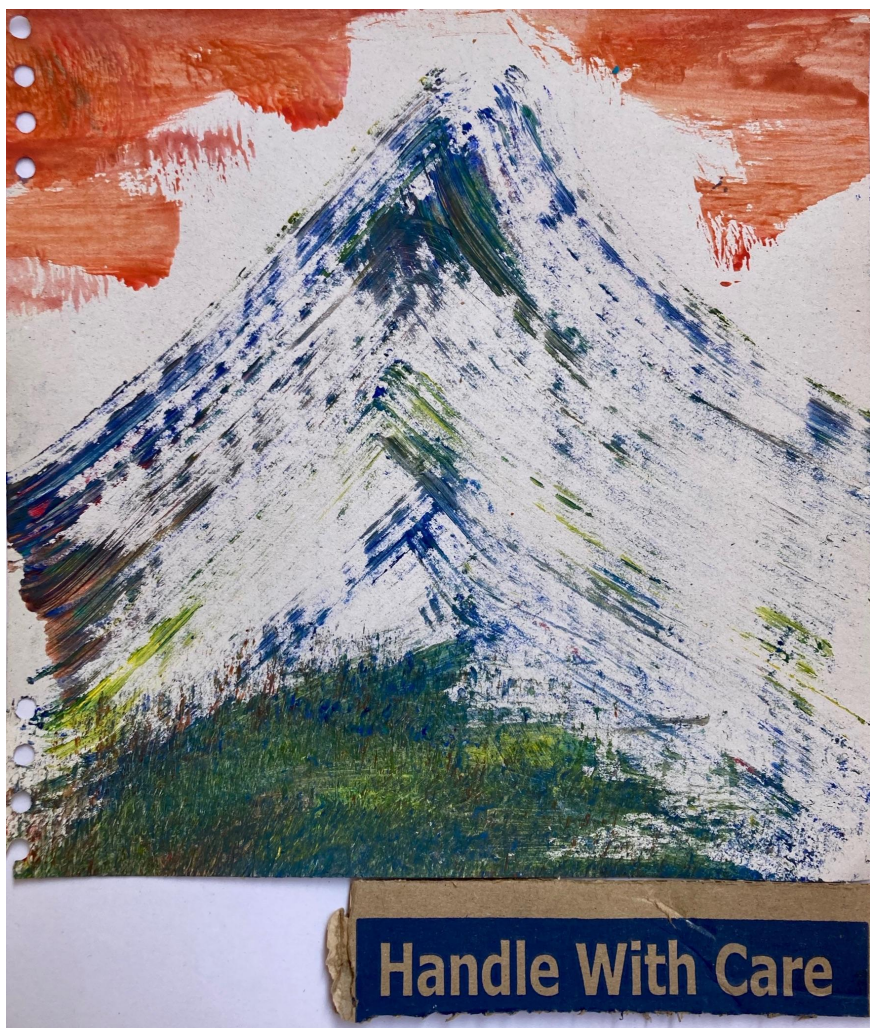
silver-black storm reply.

24-25.12.2020

climber at 90

clear — the mountaineer
mountain-mind
river-mind
sky-mind
practical mind
trail or off-trail —
climber at 90
working with friends, working alone
getting old doesn't matter,
just coming here to find the way home
clear-mind
straight and true —
fierce-compassion
fierce-gentleness
fierce-generosity
fierce-joy
fierce-living
Because out here you really can.

To protector of the wild and mountaineer Gary Snyder, 2020



Handle With Care

A kind of declaration

Now who's gonna dance the Spruce tree? Like Pueblo democracy.
And Spruce forests are being cut from here to Siberia.

We're barefoot on 100 million years of stories, wild systems,
the breath of all people, the air, the life we share
set down.

Cut by wide tracks, 4x4s and Cats.

With no trees to hold in water it flows out, gone, clouds up, gone and stops without trees to catch it
(I'm not talking metaphors).

Fire's racing.

Tuning into this rhythm — mountain ranges coming and going — shows us to celebrate rock, soil, water,
and sun where they come together in joy.

We go back to the basics.

Trees and kids
will talk
songs and dreams
— translating the wind.

Loving the land, healing, is the first thing we have to do. There is no room for more if we don't have that
base. To take care of these biome-homes.

Working with timber at home — my friend's 70th birthday.

The blue ridge line is sharper now than in day-time,
dancing sunshine.

The first two stars on the mountain-line.

Plaining, sanding, hit with the smell of fresh, warm resin and there pause — make a cup of tea,
look out at the trees in the city — mountain pines, spruce, there maples, cedar too —

Air's voice,
no land owned — people now belong!
Mountain peaks without a single flag

Roots, sky.

The Bristlecone Pines not asking why
(at five thousand years plus) they
are not yet sacred to us.

sky prayer

sunrise hits you right in the eye

waves / rolling sky meet

and there, nothing dies.

Here I am,

I breathe generations back.

I breathe generations forward.

The peaceful sky washes me clean,

call / answer —

we breathe and

breathe anew.

For the kids; for the Earth Family

Go for a drive,
see a kestrel

— just before a dive

get excited and point at deer (white-tipped forest mountainside, watch, it disappears),
hit a puddle (all shout splash!), cook together and celebrate whenever we can.
‘Let’s be a family!’ Fionni & Ela (both 5) in a big hug.
‘Yo! A crazy family!’ she laughs at the top of her voice.
Her mom says, ‘Yeah, you’ve got plenty of inspiration at home.’
All laughing, running, stomping round the small mobile home, the whole place shaking.

It’s this easy,
think we can carry more?
carry less so the kids carry less.
Say it how it is
— we are the Earth, we are each other,
no border.

Up all night talkin’ while everyone sleeps.
Let the fire go down, and crunch back over frost.
Listen while my son sleeps, while everyone sleeps.
No wind, or anything.
Wake up
bright blue glow of the water-heater
pre-dawn, snow
just lands, rolls down the car window
collect it in a cup for the kids
and watch them look with wonder
the best parts of us continue on
running,
running
so lightly.

n every direction

In every direction
wind moves, completely alive
in the sun
mountain rose up,
a river,
and
gone.

I walk
in the desert;
he walks ahead of me
rattle in hand
with every step,
and he's gone.
I continue on
listening —

giving back,

horizons open.

I walk, walk till I stop — and see the earth, see the sky, see me as I am.

Color, waves, circles, patterns in the desert
light pathways, starting here,
breathing, moving form — in song.

Blue deer, dance of rain

I run with you —

Nanna

Sky

Brothers, sisters, all

here we find a place, build homes.

Together, all waking.

Stay now —

on 4 horizons, light breaks

she bursts into life,

she bursts into life.

From the sky, a woman
her horizon, open arms.

I lit fire — in the old ways.

From the sky comes a voice, 'look —'
A hawk
beats his wings
beats his wings
beats my heart
beats my heart
beats heart
beats heart
with everyone, he's shaped by the wind
and thinks nothing of how to be
nothing of today, lives free
beats time
is the sky, wind within, leaves no trace.

'Recollect your mind' in these times.
Reaching the roots, coming home —
good friends, we will learn to live on this Earth!

The kids now, kids to come
roll over in sleep,
gently dream
a new day.

The real peace-makers, first rays of
Waking light.

Feb-March 2020

I climbed, 'wildly awake'

I climbed
the same spruce, the same snow
where the real wild spirits are said to go
'You gotta find out where wolves go when they die',
he called back to me and he went out the door
in a dream that woke me,
and said 'remember, remember why that woke you.'
remember
running on, running bright
Wildly awake
real dreamtime.
Lifesong in your bright shining heart,
your bright shining mind.
Full color desert sky!
Can't look away, can't even try
when all the animal spirits come to look you straight in the eye.
'Light in the eye...'
Yet to learn, so much to learn.
San Bushmen say you've got to wake twice every morning,
once with body, once with heart.
'Wake up body!'
'Wake up heart!'
Open up, ways closed for the longest time,
fighting against Spirit.

June '20

camino del viento

Can't tell where the horizon is

for all the light above,
and all the light below.

(Arctic; dawn, from a plane.)

wind horses

a horse ran, lightning in his eye

a horse ran, I knew no fear

a horse ran, sky dancing embers

a horse ran, piercing the dark

a horse ran, in his own light

a horse ran, never touching the ground

a horse ran, right towards me

a horse ran, told me to go

told me — go.

star-lit

looked out — blue-lit desert, said:

‘one time I was bitten by a scorpion — on a vision quest — so full of peyote nothin’ happened!’

little red bird — teleports across oceans —

scraggly-juniper-beard — looks out, says:

‘part dream, but at the same time, part real — very solid.’

Too many footprints! brush them all out, crush some sage
— smell it and get to know somethin’

New-trail-dream
with no place to —
no shadow,
no reflections.
Maybe just virgin,

brushing so tender.

Signal fires — songs on the sky — she comes in the morning,
puts her hand on my heart.

Sep. '20

5 eagles
go up at sunset,
leavin' trails.
The ridge line comes alive.
Full Sky Eagle.
Full Mountain Spirit.
Gliding, grounding
my mind.

swiftly, we go

Rivers strummin' full
Lives like fire.
We all; one big *sangha*.
Wind light sings true.

I am, 21st June 2020

Sky rhythm

— night arcs over head

*

Rains

sound

you made me jump! just now.

Alight,

rest quick wings a while

and

go

I watch you fly /

part of me.

Little Brother Kestrel.

— *clear blue*

By motorbike:
Mountains, light-lines.
Blue sky broke thru,
& now by the fire
beside the bike
leaning back and enjoying the view

out into the dusky hues

every second new

khomei songs waking me from dreams

of crossing Mongolia by bike, horse, or as a falcon / hawk / eagle!
on & on

rivers, roots reaching — washing in ice-covered streams

(and early one spring, breaking ice in a mountain creek
and my son running to me, bare feet, snow
and I held him up and dunked him in
— the first time he cried, the second time he laughed, and by the third we were both laughing and shouting
and shivering and running naked back to the cabin to get warm by the stove)

crossing cracked earth,

White Brightness — going as far as I can see. Going south— 22,000 ft above blue Baikal. To the
south-east is the start of rough steppe & shining desert rock —

azure, *azure* — *clear blue*, ever-real

please teach me humbleness, teach me to use what I have!

My tent for one becomes a tent for two, for three of us —

(as I write, a hawk comes to pay me a visit, I wave back — she flashes sunlight, flashes black, no effort at all. I keep her in sight
now in mind on the wind in my mind

fast! and so, *so* brightly)

at daybreak, send a mighty cry to the sky.
This life: true and mighty still.

This blue sky,
the sky world where all who died live, in mind. I see you in the sky above the sky, kin — kind eyes,
Sky Father, sky shelter, 4 winds, how many directions? all 10. Reach up, reach out —
send up smoke signals
sunrises, beautiful
the sky listens
I lay down my head on the earth, on your breast, hear your heartbeat.

Night. Someone put a heavy hand on my shoulder, a very wide Mongolian man, bearded, smiling, stood there and then waved me to follow him. He looked real enough! He waved one great arm towards the horizon line — I saw green plains and the wind blowing the grass in the daytime, rain coming from black clouds overhead washing down on all the land below,
rainbows dancing,
sky women dancing.
He waved again and there was a clear blue sky — pure land blue, virgin blue. Horses ran and I felt it in the ground — heart — in body, heard — an arrow let fly from horseback — someone said:
'First, understand the rhythms of the land — you gotta really feel it.'

I went back to my blanket.
Rolled up till morning.
Blowin' embers high, 'like spirits'
wind stirs them into new life —

watch them glow now
fire glow, indigo
and deep.

His song,
wind songs,
go over the land.
I gaze

as we all travel
out of sight.

Pack my bag at 20
all the things I don't really need
didn't even unpack for three whole months,
going North.
backpack on ground, in the dirt, on roof,
sit on it, sleep on it (26 years old).
backpack ready, to get out of cities
I pack my bag, learn what to leave out
hitch with a beautiful girl, she stops cars
then I come out from bushes;
home where heart is — tell lies to myself,
lonely.

go without money,
rely on people, give back to people.

Solo, back to a pine, watch planet turn.

Throw backpack
into the trees,
give up needing.
Go search for backpack — lots of stuff needed.

Gave my last 100CZK and my sandwich away,
to an old man searching the bin for food.
Sold almost everything I owned for a ticket home.

All-day
sun on hot road, cars & trucks go by; wind blew wild-grassland,
wind-born generations.
Walked till I wore out my shoes and kept going
so used to the pack, I forget to take it off sometimes (30 years old).

I go out searching, come back searching.
I go out finding, come back finding.
Like water divining
swallows arriving
— whoop, and one calls out
— swoops, shielding my eyes
play,
weave, turn so sharp
and fly — free — away.

35, a bigger backpack?
No, just tie boots on the side, bivouac.
Go to work in the forest
follow the 'X' on the map to a big spruce
learn the difference between trees cut with / without just cause.

Summertime drought
even the pines got hit,
even the maples,
even me.
Roll out the sleeping bag away from the campfire and shield my eyes
No good, go up higher. Stretch out in long grass.
The ridge and ranges
a dark line changing all the time.
Horizon beds down, shoots up blue skylight
— looks really blue when its all dark out here.
Watch the stars every single night of summer, never needed a headlamp
continue watching the stars when I close my eyes.
No rain,
throw a cover over, anyway — wake me about sunrise.

Dew shines on all the pines.

The mountain line
across the sky, full and living,
live rock growing,
showing through cloud oceans when you see it from the tops of peaks
waking up the original flying mind
shines a river.

Sounds of my breath, backpack rocking
running to the top
keep on running because you freeze if you stop
a chickadee landed
flew away
— keep light, keep moving (20-below today).

No crampons,
twenty metres down an ice slope (real sharp even through clothes),
strap caught on a tree.

Up at the cabin in the mountains I got my water from melt and shining drip in the sun —
hitting off & bouncing around inside the ice.
Sun crested the sheltering ridge and it all melted fast, winter giving up; solid flow,
catchin' dawn in my cup.

‘Why ya carryin’ that?’
I dunno, wanna say
like it, feels good, keeps my back warm,
its hard to put down

‘gets heavy, huh?’

I learn to pack light:

found good friends everywhere I’ve been
found a lit trail
found water, all iced up but I reached it
got everything! continue, practice gratitude
mountains set apart,
I climbed
woke up in a tipi, woke up on the mountain, woke up at home
run barefoot, wind in my ears!
tears — kiss — cracked lips
my beard is whiter with so many joys
throwing pine cones / learning the stars / making wishes
found running more mountains makes them more the same
found the big old pine, exploded core and burst
cloud burst, rolled over
heart of roaring river, answer
I found peaks go on and on
ever in answer
found flight in dreams
imagined dreams in streams, all through the land; like the back of my hand
found out skimmin’ stones is easier;
found out how fast drops fall from treetops, landing round the borders of vision
— then one hits me in the eye, gotta blink
Try not to blink at sunrise or sunset!
Try to take it all in but can’t.

Find fire, travel far.

Arrow-top conifers,
golden-amber hawk, gliding
motorcycle gliding — all the way
and there, peace sometimes
and wonder.

Pack sky, pack dreams by the fire
in this rip-stop backpack.

Spring 1

Bud-burst.

Body of star-bursts.

Wow!

Buds,

Bud(ha)s,

Vzbud se!

right now, here; sunset

a kestrel
gives
three sharp calls

right now.

lightning in —

lightning in mountains
lightning on roads
lightning back home
lightning in me
lightning in you
lightning in eyes
lightning in love
lightning in mind
lightning in the future
exploding into present

so we experience.

Waves, dirt roads, & mountains at sunrise

There was a girl who kept hanging her underwear on Chris' door, running naked around, but he was practising a kind of lone blue-eyed happy non-attachment, on the bike or jumping waves or smoking up whole-days. We had the idea to light a fire way out on the beach where there was nothing, no-one around at all, just the sounds of the waves, light of the stars. We lit such a big roaring fire that we couldn't see the stars much anymore, just the brightest. Ten minutes, maybe fifteen, and there were thirty or more people around us. Who knew that we'd started it? Nobody cared. The fire was there. It had appeared.

Blue waves of phytoplankton
a girl came from the water,
light on her body and all her footprints shone from way off
Open eyes, dive, shining in the second sky below —

Chris wanted to find a TV.
'Dude, let's roll five joints now, and go for a ride' — OK!
'There's no electricity in this whole fucking place!', he yelled (mock-rage?)
We went on one bike, tiny bugs lit up in the headlights. The air was heavy.
On the bike, trailing light
dark-lit waves
on my right side.

The next village didn't have a single light on, and the next one after that was the same. There was a total blackout all down the coastline. It started fast. Electric tingles, hair standing up and a BRIGHT FLASH leaving bluish prints on the air, I had ghosts in my vision. Lightning hit a couple of metres away from us, and Chris (testing his angels again) picked up speed.

On both sides touching down
striking the ground
and we drove on
We'd probably chosen the worst thing to do, but we were high from avoiding the first one, full of adrenaline, maybe just high anyways, and maybe stupid.
Windswept trees.

NOT A PLACE TO BE

But we had the wild—ness to go faster,
outrun the storm, outrun ourselves, maybe.
———— a few more miles and yelling to each other, not hearing anything but thunder roar, we stopped right in the middle of the road and looked around for shelter. Parking the bike under some bushes we climbed a wall, I couldn't tell what-of. It was dry there in one roofed part, so we sat and looked around.

The whole shelter made of metal, so just as quick we climbed back out.
So wet it didn't matter anymore, we didn't even feel it.
Trying to take cover on the way seemed just as dangerous as continuing on the road, so we took our
chances under the open sky ELECTRIC.
Too young — didn't know
how to stay in one place
in stillness.

Maybe two long hours
The storm blew us around the road, rain belted and lightning never let up,
hit down to remind.

Still in heightened state of mind, laying on the cooled sand
I watched the lightning jump one cloud ————— to another overhead,
and once or twice, shoot
right
down
into the sea.

Lit up
flashes out over. I
between sleeping and waking, not even thinking that one of those strikes could hit me,
lay there till morning.

Woke up most days on the beach, straight to the surf.
All day with the sound.

A blue spirit takes shape,
kingfisher.

— A lot of days
and some of those roads, I've never seen roads like that —
wondered sometimes if I skidded off the side if anyone'd stop.
Rishikesh — First Chris went down between a truck and a bus, kicked up a dust cloud — going too fast
(it was not a two-vehicle road)
Against the rock-face, with knife-edged drop
I got squeezed up against the rock and

got up, brushed off the dirt.
Bikes still worked.

Lower Himalaya,
The GREAT white river.

Coming from way out West, daytime.

I pulled my backpack out of the boot of the bus and it was so dusty I wondered why I even put it there, and not up top. There was a big open vent underneath, everything dust-grey. I shook it and slapped some of it clean and put it over my shoulder.

Free stay, with food — (Chris, JP, and me talking in the morning)

‘Buddha was born here. Can you imagine?’

‘But back then it was India, no?’

‘Yeah, who cares? I don’t think for one second he’d have agreed to all this built up around him.’

‘Sure, it was India.’

‘It wasn’t *anywhere*...

‘Hey, you think they’ll have kimchi? I could go for some fucking kimchi and I can’t see another bowl of yoda soup.’

‘Yeah man, no more dhal bhat for me either. I could go for a beer though, really, even right now.’

‘It’s funny.’

‘- What?’

‘I mean, we’re in a Korean temple in Nepal where used to be India, and why did we come here?’

‘I want to get some food, like a steak or something.’

‘They’re vegetarians here bro...’

‘It’s all the same — the borders are moving all the time.’

‘—who needs borders anyway? It’s fucking stupid. I’m a global free man.’

‘—who knows what will be in a million years anyway?’

I climbed the steps up to the big Korean temple.

Inside a nun sat by herself.

3 *kāya* in front

GREAT VEHICLES

and on the way in was a picture of The Mountain God (who was there first, with a red pine)

Fire of FIRST PEOPLES,

first HEART FIRE.

Just me and her

right hand hit a wooden bell

she turned pages with her left

her voice, clear

— clear as day and no kind of daydream — flying over the tundra in the winter and the whole of the Gobi from a plane, and then I was in the rain — months solid and colorful lanterns hung from strings through the trees on a mountain path. It lead me to a tiny home or temple. From a Buddhist monk. He stood there waving in the doorway —

ILLUMINATION OF THE MOUNTAIN PATH,

ILLUMINATE AND RADIATE
IN ALL TEN DIRECTIONS!

He'd been waiting all day for me, he said, but I
had not planned to come there.

He gave me some coffee from an instant machine he had, way up there in the mountains — somebody had
donated it, and he was really proud to show it off — and talked as rain beat on the roof. Two changes of
clothes (one winter version), books and a place to sleep on the floor, a small Buddha in the next room, all
in about 6x4m2.

Talking about Tommy who had cancer but I didn't know back then how fast he'd go, had just asked what
Buddhists do — and he said we can put up a lantern with his name inside for 50 dollars — '50 dollars?'
I'd asked a Korean healer too. So, he captured a spirit, send it to him on red folded paper.
I sent him some red mountain ginseng too, really thought it would help (chemo didn't).

The open door let light in. The monk said not a lot of people come up to visit him, he was full sure we'd
come

just for that &

down the trail, darkening sky — I looked back, and he waved.

Kyushu, Japan — by the sea without money or any place to stay.

A man came running across the street to me, he'd just bought a piece of calligraphy from a street artist and
didn't know why, or who it was meant for, so he'd stood waiting, then gave it to me.

strong slashes & bold cuts, wind-

form on rolled paper (in kanji?), it read: *Move, before think!*

(turning the Confucius on its head)

I gave it to another guy I stayed with, Tomiko, who shared all his Suntory beer with me.

Kaya Hamamoto and those girls in Fukuoka —

on the train out to ring the oldest ZEN bell,

goin' to Kitakyushu — no special reason, but saw about 20 sea eagles fly,

blue sky of summer.

PEACE UNDER HEAVEN

Summer hurricane. Three days in the wind and rain

Ol'grandma was pointing to the sky, saying it will rain, watch out, it will rain. Yes, rain! I was going to the
southernmost point so kept going. About 8am and it was like night —

I sat there, just to feel it. I was taken in then by good people: a kind, tough grandma so wrinkled and tiny,
bent over from a life in the fields, pulled me in and started drying me with a towel, sitting me down with a
lot of food and kids huddled up with me and kept asking if I'd be their brother.

No sleep because of new little brother who kept turning and kicking me.

Going up Daoist-peak-mountain with Brad, and he said —

‘My teacher was Chuck Norris’ — Really? ‘Yeah’ (he showed me the photo of him and Chuck Norris)
We met an old man, up in his 70’s, and we wanted to go faster, he was so slow, but as we climbed up he
never changed his pace and he went on ahead to the top first.

Mountain temple, sunset, red autumn
smile, food —
bow, wave

Go on to the next, always.

The sun rise and set a million times all in my eyes —

SKY SONG RESONATES

— so high above

Her voice, low and gentle.

Om Amoga Bairochana Mahamudeura Mani Padeuma Jeubara Peurabareutaya Hum

HERE IS

THE MANTRA OF LIGHT

Can’t ever search what’s here, always.

She sang —

We threw the backpacks on to the roof and climbed up after. People were passing all their things up and
got inside, and there was a whole lot of shouting, and we sat up top near the trees looking at the road
behind, the dust clouded up the road leading back where we’d come from till we couldn’t see it anymore.

I looked North.

18 hours on top of the bus, covered by a tarp up to our noses, horizontal rain & lightning all the way
through the night — talking, yelling, no-one else up there, they all climbed down inside when the rain had
started. Laying flat, feeling the wind, hours before daybreak arrived.

Dry earth, forest. Jungle Jack’s home village, with a dirt road going in and out
Chris had this faded green t-shirt on that said VIETNAM SURF TEAM,
and he sat all day cross-legged, two days smoking.
Nights —

there were almost no electric lights.

We walked out around — two small leopard cubs sat up in the tree looking down
& yellow-green eyes shone back in the dark (not 20 meters away),
Momma Leopard.

‘Rains come, so every year we have to rebuild’,
RAIN, RIVER, STORM or SUN take away whatever you build to stay.
Nothin’ personal.

The road we came on was washed out, lots of trees were down.

Makes me think it was an arroyo all along, a dry river

‘No buses today’, said Jack

‘Maybe no bus tomorrow either, or the next few days — because of the strikes’,
his deep voice carried as he walked off,

‘ — always like this, they stop everything’.

No engines today.

It started clearing up in the morning.

‘I need a bike to get to —’

‘No problem,’

pulled back a tarp — a vintage Royal Enfield in the long grass,

‘It was left here by a Swiss guy last summer, just have to fix it.’

So many talks, so many stars / fireflies.

‘Too bad you’re going, if you stay I’d teach you to know the forest like me, maybe not like me but — (big Jack smile) — I’ll show you how to tell rhino shit from elephant, and you stay out there long, like a month. Then, you really know the sound, so you know when something changes,
something new comes.’

The roof was fixed. A few day’s work for food & shelter. The kids waved and I took a bus to Thimpu, that was the last stop: galvanize buildings, galvanize roofs, rocky hillside, the stars brighter, air crisp, darkness deep. I couldn’t see my hand in front of my face.

A flare — old man lighting a cigarette,

I lay back watching the sky.

People talked in low murmurs.

Still, the mountain spirits roam free and talk to us.

Metabolism slows down.

Way, way down.

So quietly.

Soft footsteps. I drift.

MOUNTAIN BUDDHISTS —

a big crowd tonight in the kitchen — mostly sherpas (tamangs), and they make a place for me on the timber bench, one electric lightbulb — warm, flicker of cooking on a wood fire (Chir or Blue Pine, Silver Fir at higher elevations — recommended to use kerosene not to speed up deforestation up here, desertification. Better burn Yak dung where it's too tough for trees. Tough people red-cheeked, smiling. It's just about people. *Too many climbers*).

'Yak' stew (Buffalo). He went off the cliff yesterday, the mountain buddhists say it's OK —
not to waste
but thank
and celebrate
food,
water from glacier run-off,
sharing the fire, the warmth — no spirits angry round here.

MOUNTAIN DOG —

The Black Dog barked till I stopped.
He stood up the trail and didn't move, so I tried to go forward, but he just got louder
stayed, but he didn't stop barking so we turned round, went back down he stayed till we were out of sight
and got to the village, when the storm — swift sky break — lit the place we'd been heading to
(—in an old bookshop in KTM I read: Tenzing Norgay said a black dog is good luck in the mountains and
that they rescue climbers. Physical or spirit I don't know.)

We searched shelter.
No lights on, no-one home. Finally a light on turned on in one window.
Tenzing said, 'You came from up *there*?'
Lightning hit the top where I was pointing. It was where I'd been a couple of hours before.

Fearless black sky rolled and crashed on the ridge trees lit —
the first time I saw a Thunderbird.

Tenzing's wife said, 'Come in!', and pulled us in the front door and we drank tea by the kitchen fire — it
rained down, mountain tops were clear as day — warm inside, the electricity wasn't working, just
candlelight.
Something hit the door, or pawed the door. I listened close.
A Bear movin' around out there!

Sun was sweet after the storm,

could see for miles, but no tracks anywhere to be found.
Everything washed clean.

TENZING: Come with us today, festival today, a very big festival in a village close by, to celebrate one of the oldest temples in Nepal. A day's walk, *but* I know some short cuts.

The first wind horses from a distance, prayer flags.

TENZING: Oh, *so out of shape!* Not used to it, two years away from the mountains — so tired!

Met the old sherpa, never tiring, not slowing down a bit, always climbing the same speed, stopping to chat along the way. Carried twice his bodyweight, he said.

'See you later on ahead up the trail!'

There must've been everyone from every village for miles around, beautiful women looking, smiling, and hawk-eyed fathers, but everyone real friendly.

Three days and nights people gathered there beneath the old trees. Free food for everyone cooked up in 2meter pots over wood fires & an endurance dance, women wearing coral and turquoise and big skirts passing a cup, and the old group: so many shots downed before sunrise!

They swayed and sang, all leaning on each other and stepping around the circle.

A big-bellied bearded man was asleep standing up against two sacks of rice & the firewood in the outdoor kitchen. Kids ran, played.

A small girl in blue and pink stood by with her spoon. Lamas were laughing.

Sunlight fell on the dancers and moved on.

We all got pulled into the dance.

Right here — the strength of community, HEART of the people.

MOUNTAINS blazing understanding
leading away!

Citi Jvālam, Apanaye Soha

I stood with my backpack on looking out over the mountains.

NO FIXED DIRECTION.

Wind carried

singing alone,
where rivers are born.



real shelter

Fire-maker, Peace-maker

*continue,
lifetimes
continue*

Fire first touched by the sun
where sunrise comes
right in the front door,

got a lot to learn about fire-cycles:
cones open with fire,
you come alive with fire,
earth gets new life from fire,
get good sleep by the fire

brings dreams

and we look ever to the skies.

Fire-maker ‘...abides in his own light’.
Women dancing
in the air
embers in whirlwind,

Fire-love.

Looking through the circle —

(From a dream about Cody)
Meadow flowers strewn round, his wife there.
Lit by himself,
dancin’ low
his circle
holdin’ fire in the dark,
holdin’ fire, holdin’ fire.

We light up —
there, constant brightness!
— Let the fires, waters, and winds go their trails in peace.

He puts on *Free bird* (Ronnie Van Zandt where are you now?)
while we build the new lodge.
Colorful flags, breeze carrying
staying till sunrise,
rollin' prayers
wrapped up in a warm blanket, wool hat,
still wide awake —
'Got two stars, how many've you got?'
Sun catchin' up with all of them,
we let the fire go out.
Coffee pots going in the kitchen,
bags packed,
goin' home.

Aug '20
in bright sun
fifty spruce and red pine
carried back for
New fires —

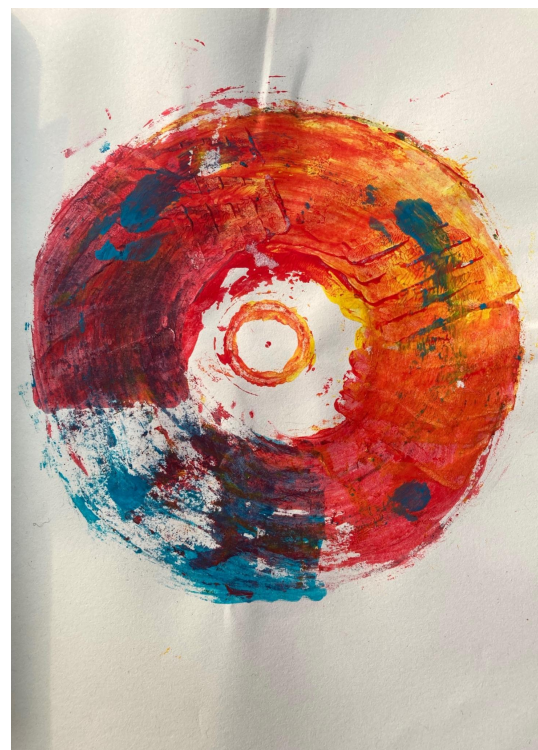
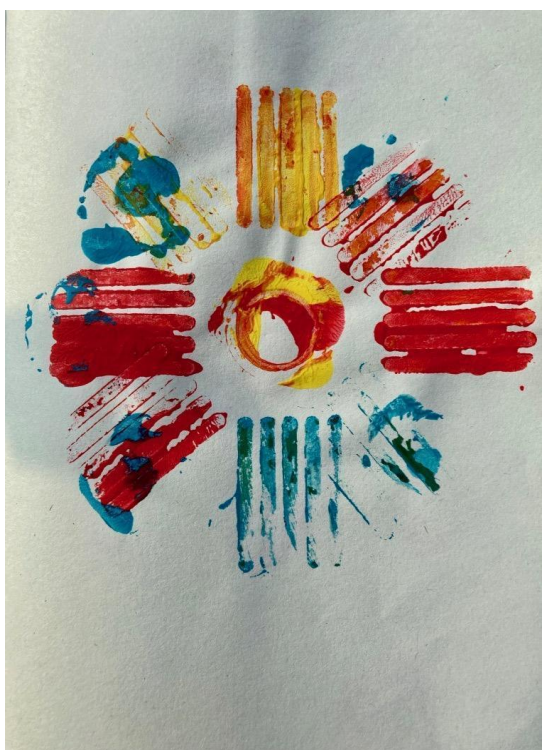
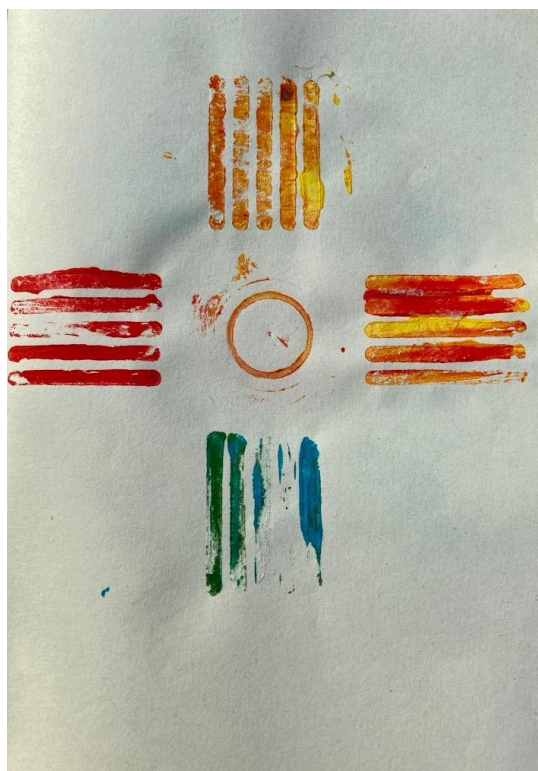
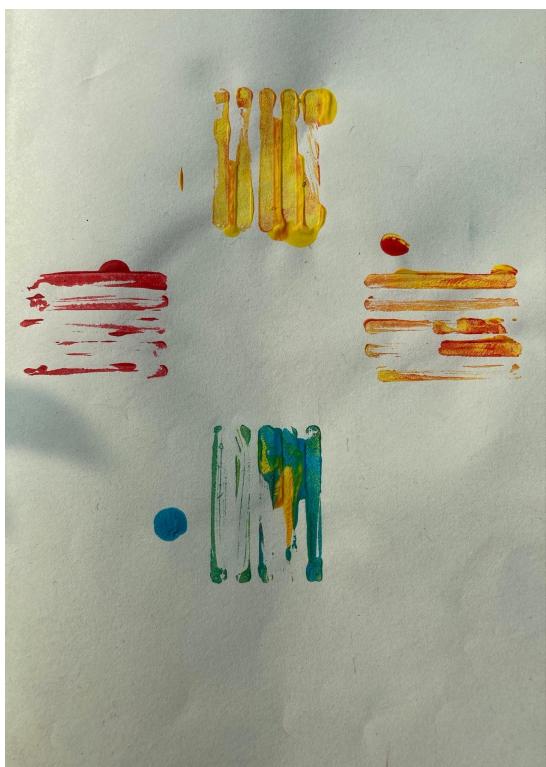
Old Man Fire
Jesus' heart
Manjushri's sword a-flame
Hopi Sun Wheel raked in the dirt
Frozen flickering Bristlecone Pines

Rock split open red,
shows heart.
add water,
breath
— and song comes out of nowhere.

Spark — *flash!* —
warm your face
and warm your hands
say thanks,
breathe deep

— 'fire of no end',
light.





Driving with friends across the country —

‘Thunderbirds are real, people’ve seen them all over,
not just in the States. They’re about the size of a Cessna.’

A hawk flew over, headed south

raven flew over, east-west / west-east

driving north — white-tipped eagle

kestrel disappeared in the meadow — reappeared

These are good songs
‘— know the words?’ ‘Nah, it’s Navajo.

Hey, I gotta squeeze the lizard’

12 deer running / sky criss-crossed by gold —

‘— so we got about four hours drive now.’

keep each other awake in the car

remembering how I woke up in the tipi —

watched the smoke go up — peaceful morning,

pulled up my sleeping bag and slept some more.

go out, sky tipi / see all my friends

Wait up —
the first star / new life woman comin’

4 or 5 days awake

danced the sun till I fell over
ground caught me

sky shelter

‘This land shelter me.’

dive deep —

place

in your arms.

sparks

This world of dew
is only a world of dew— and yet . . . oh and yet . . .
—Kobayashi Issa

a thousand-year-old cedar embraced by the storm
—Bashō

...from a sunspot
a young tree starts to grow.
—Nanao Sakaki

Today, summer storms arrive.
hands warm with wine.
lightning-flash-thru-closed-eyes

Sky, look
hand & hand &
breath & heart in sync —

(climbing a steep trail,
my son thinks he's gonna fall, I tell him
'You're not — you're good, look – we're almost there')

The North Star
tonight cloud-covered,
the light shines inward.

Light on her thighs.

(sparks.)

Summer '21, Beskyd

Big Heart Mountain

When I get tired
walk into stars.

Light
in your eyes,
in your dance

bright-wing, sharp
— big heart Mountain

breaking into rain.

Solas

Nuair a éirím tuirseach
siúilim isteach sa réaltaí.

Solas
I do shúile,
i do dhamhsa

sciatháin gheal, ghéar
— Sliabh croí mór

ag briseadh isteach
sa bháisteach.

because the air we share

(to be sung with drums, claps, with 10,000 horses running, with HEARTS-beating)

& sometimes you see
multidimensionally.
& you sometimes see
places,
places where I swear the sky comes down,

comes
down,
and becomes people,

becomes a baby boy born
and his mother is weeping,
becomes a man watching fires
shooting stars on the shoreline,
becomes sweat on her legs
tiny hairs golden,
becomes quivering ice —
can't hold on come sunrise,
becomes the songs that we sing
and the love that is given,
becomes the places we go
where the sky's never broken,
becomes rivers & rains that sing
when we love them.

It all
shakes awake.
Shakes you
awake.

& you
Speak thunder.

Friendship

Libor slept, missed sunrise.
One last star hangin' on the south-western horizon.
Jana comes out, says, Jesus Mary!
Looks at me in my sleeping bag
hugging what's left of the fire
10 wine bottles, lot of beers, spirits on the picnic table,
empty.
Morning
to just be here
dewy.
Clear-sightedness
on such a morning.
Fire don't judge me,
clear sky neither.
The ancient
Seven wise
Men too
Desired something:
It was wine, it seems.
(— Man'yōshū, III: 340)
Roll over, try to catch a few dreams.
No chance, sun's already come.
Everything just started.
Just let me catch my breath.
'I'll do the dishes.'
I wash my face with dew.
Ash — still warm, quick touch of my hand
(what wisdom!) — don't remember.
Shelter of big oaks.
3 hawks over.
Today we'll go climb to the mountain-top.
Kids on our shoulders.

good sky-burial

dead fawn

6 – no, 7 red deer run

2 bucks up front

3-4 prong antlers

my son starts to run after them

should we call it in?

No, we leave this one here.

Whirling, whirling light
travelling all, all the luminescent night.

If the Bear Mother hadn't licked the sleep from our eyes when we were young
blinking at daybreak
We'd have never waited for sunrise
— always beautiful,

sky-hum

mountain!
— forest!
— wind!

Take a look and celebrate.

Take a look

Ask the wind, ask the mountain

how.



one breath poems

cabin friendly with sparks — fireflies

(after ISSA)

Bright edge — Mountain & The Milky Way

(after SHIKI)

Talkin' with the Mountain Spirit

Big East

in the mountain —
bright sun.

On Seoraksan

all day out in the rain
when I reach it and go in
to the rock shelter,
two women hurry
with a blanket and tea for me.
Stay
till I warm up,
leave a trail there & back
drying, disappearing
writing like river or shooting star streams,
like me on the mountains
never staying.

Achasan

Night. A billion city lights twinkle.
Cars. Close my eyes. Think of the ocean.
Huge prayers carved into the mountainside.
So many people all around,
so many heartaches,
so much kindness.
Prayers protected by this mountain
carried far over all these lights,
Small Arrow.

Wind blows my spirit away,
joins up with you.

I go and listen night after night, and sometimes find all that was lost. Never lost. Love
ocean. These billion prayers coming home.

Will we recognise each other when we meet?

Whether we hear it or not,
mountains pray.
I am always here
standing.

Our sweet lady of Guadalupe

Tears hit the ground / prayers land for these kids

searched-for rains

sheltered in stars.

Amaterasu

Lots of people stay up on mountain-tops
in sleeping bags
— clap three times! and bow

even we wait all night long for the sun to come
we wait only to wake.

Brightness of (the light)

‘Two sacred goofy buddies’
Coyote and Earth-maker walking, searching, repairing
fixing up — like mechanics, working for shelter,
fixing up all the lifelines — that stretch out far as they can see.
Someone asked Chōsa Keishin:
‘How is it possible to change the Great Earth
with its mountains and rivers
so that we make it return to the True Self?’
He answered this way,
‘No,

the question is, “How is it possible to change ourselves
so that we go back to the GREAT EARTH
with its mountains and rivers?””

Captain Fantastic & me,
driving all those dirt roads
there was a big ravine all the way along one side.
Whitewater.
All the time
talkin’ about saving the planet.

Fierce-blue-fire river radiance
Mountain.
Take down all borders.
We cross over
and as we pass through the center
take on new life
in your brightness.

Řeka (River), mountain cabin

collected water,
cut kindling,
Fionni hit himself in the forehead with the backend of the ax,
And helped me carry in the wood,
lit the fire —
bright burn, low burn — in honour of today,
in thanks.
A wolf pack howl!
Plchy (edible dormouse) licking plates in the sink.
10 x 10,
room enough to dream.

Big shoulder, Smrk (Spruce Mountain), Beskyd

Riverbed, rockbed,
over bedrock, single-track,
running scar

There goes a white-tail deer,
last time I've been through here it was a trail
Now — wide tread tracks, brush piles, clear-cut.
She's still here, more skittish now.

On up the creek
where we all meet:
sky, sunset,
roots, deer, bear,
songs.

Tracks — in — my — tracks

wind
going through each other,
joining.

Reaching love — roots, hearts
New.

In winter, the air is sharp.

The Mountain Spirit calls me

Come see me,
sing a good song
with no fear
where my body ends
& yours begins.

— *bright flame NO fury* —

Freer — bright flame NO fury —

Soft dawn, hawk goes overhead
heading home.

We make a big pile of maple leaves,
shout G E R O N I M O !

My son stomps the path says
‘trees are stronger than this ’
stag stomps, huffs,
faces me — feel heart beating
We stay

‘fore all the blue, green
& red earth is covered,
dies
incased in concrete.

‘This hawk was me’

Take me on home, take me on home.

We parted the Blue Sky & Green Earth of One Mind,
parted Nature.
True Nature unifying,
True

Hope doesn't find the answer.

Them belly full
 them bellyfuls (of fire)
 Fire in your magical eyes
levels it all out.

Running sky
dreaming
&
cedar
shadow

Like Toshiro Mifune as Kikuchiyo
Ferocious, real tears, always laughing
Shouting fury
Into the waves.

A million suns,
Not one.

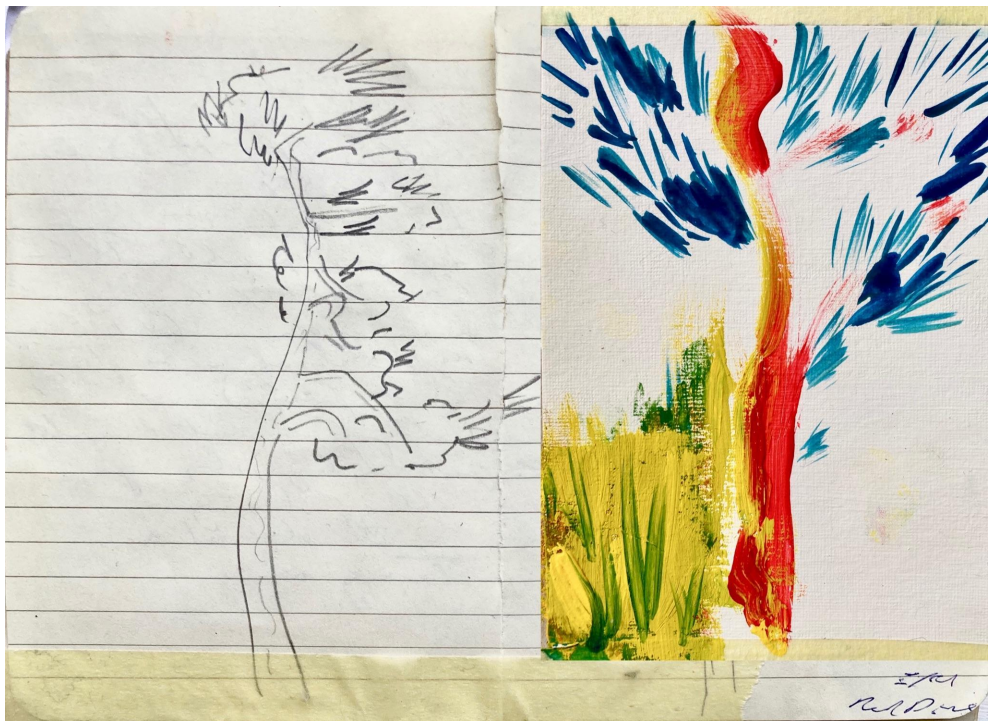
Of the ten billion worlds that were broken
How many do you see?

To live bigger than ourselves
And really say what needs saying,
Where is this man of TRUE SELF?

Healing hands
shaking.
Blinding light only so
If you're crashing round in the dark.

Crashing wave —

Of rolling dawn.



Enlightenment

Ryokan didn't write for just anyone — but a child came up and asked him, and he wrote this, right away,
 'Sky-Above, Great Wind'
 for a kite.

ALL ACROSS THE SKY, YOU HEARD THAT VOICE COMIN'

38 years walking here.

No-one will ever find me.

Because you braid your hair;
because you have one eye a bit more green, one a bit more blue;
because at night you're an indigo flower sleeping.

Talking about CCR, and about how our sons are doing
Redtail Hawk said to me,
Y'know, prayers are just prayers. But putting them into reality is what's important.
He said this at about 2 in the morning, -6 outside:
You gotta learn to see the real sky.

Running rivers / dams
Virgin forests / desert planet
Mountains as independent countries / mountains levelled by countries (China, North America...)
Land-of-plenty / people going hungry
People sheltering together / the homeless freezing
Live reefs / dead-zones

Nurturing / damaging
Peace / genocide of a billion species
Free thinking / killing the spark altogether

Try hard!
For a way to save the lives of
the future Wounded Knee,
the future Nagasaki.

With big-spirited determination,
standing
with long-range eyes.

Who? Whitewater.
Where? Ha!

Light
 skimming
 waves
(a halo round our feet) — shooting star.

Under my head, there's a center-point!
Above my head, there's a center-point!

Practice drawing in the air.
In the quiet
starlight
I hear it —

There, she dances!

I try to sleep in the storm
& I try to sleep in the wind
& I try to sleep in love
& I try to sleep in the rain
& I try to sleep with frozen beard
& I try to sleep, I try to sleep in the center of all this whirl —

Stay out in the wind
long enough
and start to sing
till you
are wind.

Sunrise / sunset
bright, horizon-line gone,

song.

Whoosh —
a constellation (starlings!)

Infinite vows

though I can't know what it is to be you, I vow to know you
though wild brothers and sisters have languages so numerous, so pure, I vow that we will talk together
though we think we are special, I vow that we will be part of all 'self-complete and brave',
full expressions of life alongside us
though there are borders, I vow to take them all down
though I can't see mountains move, I vow to listen
though dreams are fleet-footed, I vow to ground them in the physical
though we don't really know what peace might be, I vow that peace will be the air, solid bedrock, bright
fire
though we run towards freedoms, I vow to be free before I start running
though forests have been cut, I vow to replant them
though the sky and rivers are damaged, I vow to repair them
though in some places water is not free, I vow to call the rains
though fuel exploration continues to shatter the earth, I vow her body will heal
though the cycles are accelerating, I vow to align my heart, body, and mind
though now we are fighting, we *can* live in a world without armies and
our kids will be safe from danger
though refugees of desertification walk in search,
I vow that they will find, and we all will find a place in the white truce of noon
though we are all refugees of Pure Nature I vow to find home anywhere under the sky
though I can't know what it is, I vow to be ready to die
though all our ancestors are long gone, I vow to keep them alive — the colors of their eyes, the colors of
their voices
though coming generations are not here yet, I vow to celebrate them today
though people are sleeping long — I vow this will be a time of waking
though I am bound by the elements, I vow to transcend them
spark of life, I vow to shelter it
though there are so many songs — each life — I vow to sing them
though we put names, I vow that I will learn all the true names
though there are so many names — too many and too swift; how many you would not believe without
seeing, I vow to remember them
though I will see just so many new suns, I vow to feel the future golden light on my face
though injustices are many, I vow to end them all
though there are billions of alternative realities, streams collapsing into one
— some point in the future where we will meet
it is a real place
I vow to look with new strength
though wonder is infinite,

though there are infinite vows, I continue to expand my heart.

My friend's blue eyes; none of these poems or songs

Tangerine by Led Zeppelin
The cover of *New Adventures in Hi-Fi*
A star map I got when I was a kid, one you rotate
The time I saw Dirk Benedict
The way Han Solo talks
The carpenter's pencil Dad said was good, still use them
blue & orange together in the sky
My friend's blue eyes
photos of dirt trails
The Flash
I heard something about world peace, who was talkin'?'
Taking care of what matters most
Planet Earth 2 soundtrack, a kind of sunrise feel
loving the mountain cabin — maybe because of books about Lookouts?
everything continually created and re-created —
a falcon brushes my ear, hits the window, dies instantly — first time I see one
'Together we should roll until we die'
'Just roll with what comes', he says, and I get in the car and go
go surfing because of Keanu Reeves?
motorbikes because
a photo of Machapuchare in an old book
From a plane, something about it, something about looking down on everything, Times Like These, clouds
Ever-present now, flight
Thousands of lights from the ceiling blur like lovers
'Hey Joe' sung by a girl in a bar, too young to buy a beer
Wilson Pickett Muscle Shoals version
I look out
What space!
Maybe a miracle,
grass seeds on my shoes.

a sunrise fire

A small girl is next to me. She can't be more than five or six,
her face is painted.

She wants to paint my face like hers,
she begins to speak in signs.

Nothing stays in our wake.

Waves so bright you wouldn't believe.

Some sleep, we wake

Hands cupped around a sunrise fire.

Feb. Mar. '21

notes:

I have tried to identify inspirations where possible, and to cite sources as a maker would list his / her tools and materials used.

Fire songs, sky songs, mountain songs: the bow of the sky — *kam*: bow, arc, shelter, tent, kamarád (friend); ‘be this raging fury destroyed’ is from The Smokey the Bear Sutra, & Fudō's mantra (a mountain buddhist protector-spirit connected to Manjushri and paired with Kannon (Kwanon), the goddess of mercy & compassion: he is the rock, she the water); *kenshō*: bright, flash, zen insight

In every direction: ‘recollect your mind’ in these times — Kuei-shan said something like ‘Turn the light inwards / recollect your mind / Having arrived at the roots...’

Wildly awake: ‘Light in the eye...’ — Gary Lawless sent me a poem by email with the line ‘when the time is right / the spirit of the wolf returns’ (Caribou Planet, 2015), which fit right with the dream I’d just had. He surprised me by sending me two books from Maine. ‘Wildly awake’ is from Tim McNulty, read it that morning (from ‘Night, Sourdough Mountain Lookout’, 2013). He wrote me back with a ‘Yes!’ in answer to the Bushmen quote. I don’t really remember where I heard that.

star-lit: ‘part dream, but at the same time, part real — very solid.’ — John Brandi in *Nanao or Never: Nanao Sakaki Walks Earth A*. (Blackberry Books 2000)

Spring 1: Vzbud se! in czech — wake up!

Waves, dirt roads, & mountains at sunrise: this was originally written as a travel journal or story. *Citi Jvālam / Apanaye Svaha* — blazing understanding / leading away! — *dhārāni* to Avalokiteshvara

Fire-maker, Peace-maker: about Peace-maker, a story from the Iroquois — he said, ‘when you make your decisions, don’t think of yourself, not even of your family, but of the seven generations to come.’
What a way to think!

Homes facing sunrise — in many parts of the world traditional homes face sunrise and let the first rays right in the front door. Tipis look east (some say a woman waiting the new day, all the people taking shelter in her); in Ainu homes the sun hits the hearth, and no-one is allowed to step between while the home welcomes sunrise; Manjushri — ‘gentle glory’, youth, cuts through. Cody is just a name I gave to a friend.

Driving with friends across the country: Redtail Hawk talking there.

sparks: Issa as translated by Nanao Sakaki.

because the air we share: dedicated to Patti Smith and Bob Dylan.

Friendship: for Libor and Jana

Talkin' with the Mountain Spirit: prayers carved into the mountainside refers to real, chiseled-in prayers left in the granite, they go on for a long ways on some mountains like this one — buddhist prayers and sutras which also tie in with traditional mountain-worship and refer to the rock-lines and grooves, and whole ridges that are essentially *the song-line* of the mountain. From where we look at it, it is the shape and captured movement of a mountain right now; 'trails appearing / disappearing' can refer to a lot of different things, here's one aspect: that of a calligrapher practising on the street with a long brush and just water, the lines appearing and disappearing almost as fast, already gone; 'No brush—', Ryokan was said to practice in the air, as he had no brush nor ink, not even paper, and was, they say, the best of his time — it can be the same with these lines on the mountains, just at a different speed, and with our trails — this *completing* journey; there's a principle that comes from East Asian calligraphy and painting, that the line (a lot of the time in single-stroke) is always definite, the movement and energy is shown, and there is no going back to fix something or perfect something — and as brush-master Kaz Tanahashi put it — the technique is not so important, but the presence of the artist, *that he was really there* — yet it is temporary, and the energy / movement / life continues in the new; 'two sacred goofy buddies' — Gary Snyder's line (1991); see Dōgen's *Shobogenzo* for the full part about Chōsa Keishin in *On the Brightness of the Light*, plus a lot of other fantastic parts (on mountains and rivers, on the 10 directions of the sky...); new year in Korea, Japan and around East Asia sees people up on mountaintops or at beaches waiting for sunrise, they climb through the night, camp up top, and wait—clap—bow — one more time round the sun. Amaterasu —the sun is female in Shinto mythology.

Running sky / cedar...: 'cedar shadow' from Peter Blue Cloud.

Enlightenment: 'big-spirited determination, a large purpose' (Nanao Sakaki interview, '98) — making change when necessary — not revolution, but transformation — we put things right. This is not about fighting, nor is it reactionary, its going with the true grain. Will we leave bright trails?

Infinite vows: 'self-complete and brave' is from Gary Snyder (Turtle Island, 1974); 'too many and too swift' & 'white truce' is from *The Land of Little Rain* by Mary Austin, available on Project Gutenberg. I sent this to friends for new year.

a sunrise fire: 'a sunrise fire' is from John Muir, *The Mountains of California*.

Front cover photo by Danusia Trzcińska, 2023.

peaks, ranges. Handle With Care. Tempera & acrylic on handmade paper. 9" x 11". Mar. 24. '22

WIND-TALK / FIRst nations. Acrylic & pencil. From sketchbook. Summer '21.

Girl, celestial lion, monks and Chris. Mixed media collage with photos & chalk on paper. 8" x 12".

Falcon. Pencil & chalk. From sketchbook.

based on Hopi sun wheels, 5 x 7s. Acrylic on paper.

red pine. Acrylic 5" x 7" & notebook pencil sketch. Summer '21.

First publishings

‘climber at 90’; ‘swiftly, we go’; ‘sky prayer’; ‘right now, here; sunset’: in *Rewilding Earth* (The Rewilding Institute, US. July ‘20)

peaks, ranges. Handle With Care: *Ecozon@ Vol 14 no. 2* (Oct. ‘23)

‘I am, 21st June 2020’: *Wingspan 29, # 2* (Raptor Research Foundation, US. Fall ‘20)

For the kids; for the Earth Family, & Long Life Maker: *dragonfly.eco* (Mi’kma’ki, CA. June ‘21)

‘Wildly awake’ and an earlier version of ‘Fire songs, sky songs, mountain songs’: *Ecozon@ European Journal of Culture, Literature, and Environment Vol. 12 no. 2* (Universidad de Alcalá, España. Autumn ‘21)

WIND-TALK / FIRst nations: *Tributaries, The Fourth River* (Pittsburgh, Nov. ‘21). It was also in *RE & Quaderni Tellūs* (Redazione Zest Letteratura Sostenibile, Italia. June ‘22)

Driving with friends across the country: *Camas* (University of Montana. Winter ‘21)

based on Hopi sun wheels 5 x 7s: *Rewilding Earth* (Mar. ‘22)

one breath poems, & Running Sky / Cedar ...: also published by *Read Furiously* (New Jersey. ‘23-‘24)

Some lines, ‘With big-spirited determination, / standing / with long-range eyes.’ & ‘Sunrise / sunset / bright, horizon-line gone’, were part of a project called ‘Poetry in Lockdown’ in the Irish Poetry Reading Archive (University College Dublin. Oct. ‘21)

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To my son, to my friends.

